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JOHN BULL

VOL. XXIV. No. 640. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1918. TWOPENCE.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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It's booked for the Boys in Khaki and Blue.

This summer all the Freemans Glass Lemon that Delectaland can produce is reserved for the Army and Navy. For it is to our fighting men ashore and afloat that the need of this delicious thirst quencher is greatest. Made in a moment with the simple addition of cold water.

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GLASS LEMON

has all the "bite" and refreshing qualities of the fresh lemon, for it is prepared solely from the finest Messina lemons and cane sugar, reduced to a highly concentrated powder. No sugar to add, no water to boil.

Everyone will be glad to know that our fighting men can get their full share of this delicious lemonade, and in order to meet their demands, it will be impossible, for the present, to release supplies of Glass Lemon for the general public. Soldiers and Sailors should ask their Mess Sergeant for this excellent thirst quencher. Obtainable in all Army, Navy and Y.M.C.A. Canteens.

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CAKES— as Queen Alexandra's Chef makes them.

M. STEMPFER.
Chef de Cuisine to H.M. Queen Alexandra, Marlborough House.

NOT often is it possible for you to try a recipe evolved by the Chef of one of the Royal kitchens, but the chance is here to-day.

M. Stempfer, the world-famous cookery genius who presides over the kitchens at Marlborough House, has written for us a special recipe for a war-time cake that everyone can make. Read it through carefully, read his endorsement of that wonderful time-and-money-and-trouble saver—GOODALL'S EGG POWDER—and then decide to try the recipe at the first opportunity.

M. STEMPFER WRITES:

IN your Goodall's Egg Powder I have found the most valuable and efficient egg substitute I know of, and can most confidently recommend it to the public as a splendid alternative for eggs.
Yours faithfully,
(Signed) A. STEMPFER,
Chef de Cuisine to H.M. Queen Alexandra (President—Club Culinaire Francais).

M. Stempfer's RECIPE: SPONGE CAKE

Proportions:—
4 oz. Flour
4 oz. Cornflour
3 oz. Sugar
1 dessertspoonful Goodall's Egg Powder
½ pint of Milk
2 oz. Treacle
2 oz. Melted Butter

Mix all these together in a basin, add the milk little by little, then the treacle, to obtain a smooth paste, afterwards the melted butter.
Put half in a mould.
Into the other half mix some grated chocolate and use another mould, bake these two cakes in a moderate oven for about 40 minutes.

Goodall's Egg Powder

looks quite ordinary—it is just a clean powder of beautiful yellow colour—yet it performs really wonderful things. It will save you three-quarters of the cost of eggs, yet give you cakes as light, as rich, as moist, and as delicious as if you had a pre-war larder to draw upon.

Get a tin or packet from your Grocer to-day.
1½d. packets; 8d. and 1/4 tins.
Goodall, Backhouse & Co., Leeds.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Naught shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Vol. XXIV. No. 640. Week ending Saturday, September 7th, 1918. Twopence.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

The German Fleet.

Look out for a surprise. Jack's turn is coming!

Coincidence!

Have you noticed that ever since Parliament rose, and Ministers went away for a holiday, there has been an unbroken series of successes on the battlefield? Strange, isn't it?

A Coal Scandal.

In view of the coal shortage, we ask whether it is the fact that in some of the prisoners-of-war camps—and certainly at Catterick—roaring fires are burning in the Germans' quarters, even at this time of year? We hope none of the huts will catch fire!

A Hint from Harrogate.

And, whilst on the subject of coal, we would draw the attention of the North-Eastern Railway Directors to the waste of labour—in horses, carts and men—at the Bower Road depot at Harrogate—where for several days recently 30 or 40 vans were regularly going away without "striking a bat"—the driver in almost every case being a man capable of being usefully employed upon farm work.

"Huns and Our Women."

This was the title of our leading article last week, and hasn't it been fully justified by the series of cases which have come to light, since its appearance, of unguarded Hun prisoners molesting and terrorising our womenfolk? We must have that Ministry of War Prisoners!

The General Election.

Thus a Tommy in the trenches: "If you venture on a General Election before this job is over, don't be shocked at what the boys out here will write across their ballot papers." And then he goes on to ask: "Don't the Tommy's wife and children want as much to eat as a munition worker's family?" The answer is most emphatically in the affirmative.

Exchange and Robbery.

Amongst the prisoners returned from Germany last week was one from Helston, Cornwall, who was so bad that he was at once taken to hospital, where, shot through the lungs and his body one mass of gangrene, he died in great agony. Well may our informant ask: "What would Germany receive in return for this practically dead man?" Probably Von Tirpitz's chief and hearty nephew! Again are our rulers being bluffed.

A Word with Argentine.

What is this we hear about the pranks being played with British shipping in Argentine waters by the crews of interned German steamers? Perhaps the Foreign Secretary will make inquiries.

A Mysterious Knight.

And what has become of our old friend, Francis Trippell, who was appointed by the War Office in the early days to popularise recruiting? And what was the reason for his knighthood?

Germany and the Indemnity.

One of the principal things we must close our ears against will be the plea that Germany is quite unable to bear the burden of an indemnity to cover our cost of the war. Don't believe it. And remember what happened to France in 1870.

Lotteries.

A clerical reader suggests, apropos of the fate of the Lottery Bill, that the cranks who opposed it should remember the outstanding instance of the soldiers at the Crucifixion casting lots for Christ's garments, rather than spoil them by partition. Lotteries, indeed, are quite a Biblical institution.

Help!

The Commandant of the Ely Red-cross Hospital has had to issue urgent appeals, through the local Press, for people to come forward and undertake night-orderly duties. What say the Bishop and the Dean of Ely, the six Canons, and the Nonconformist parsons of the district? Most of the people at present helping are hard at work all day.

Arthur Playfair.

Apropos of the death of this distinguished actor, we remember with gratitude that when, on behalf of the crew of the *Queen Elizabeth*, we appealed for a mascot in the shape of a bull-dog, he was the first to offer us a magnificent specimen of the breed—which, as a matter of fact, is still cherished by the lower deck of this famous flagship.

More Praise from Parsons.

The Vicar of Bromsgrove, the Rev. H. D. Noel Paterson, just back from war duty in France, preaching the other Sunday evening, told his congregation that "no paper is looked forward to and read more eagerly than JOHN BULL, and that the nation owed a deep debt of gratitude to the Editor for his splendid optimism." How's that for the Dismal Jimmies?

This Picture—and That!

The German prisoners at Bicester Aerodrome (I.O.M.) receive 1s. 3d. an hour; and the armed Guard, looking after them, gets 1s. 3d. a day. At least, that is the story as told to us.

A Legal Nicety.

What is the position of a Private who happens to be a constituent of Major Sir John Simon, and is desirous of consulting him as his M.P., but by the King's Regulations must not communicate direct with an officer?

Mr. Joseph Jonas.

Bravo, your Majesty! You have done the correct thing in degrading "Sir" Joseph from his knighthood. And now for those enemy Princes!

Work for "Conchies."

It is suggested to us that, as the "conchies" object to war and all its ravishes, they might be usefully employed, when peace comes, in the rebuilding of the desecrated towns and villages of France and Belgium—of course, at soldiers' rates of pay. Not a bad idea.

Flattery Indeed!

John Bull's Register, published in Wellington, New Zealand, not only pays us the compliment of closely imitating our name, but has annexed the drawing of the man and dog which now figures upon our cover. We notice, too, that it has "purloined" two of our articles. So altogether, we are very proud of ourselves!

The Poet Laureate.

What *is* this gentleman doing? Has he mislaid his afflatus? We begin to wish that the idea, which was seriously considered at the time, of appointing a woman to the post had been acted upon. Certainly he has written nothing to compare with the works of Hélène Gingold, whose war verses, however, cannot be compared with his—for the simple reason that he has not had an inspiration.

An Election Horoscope.

An astrological student, reading a recent article of ours on "The Coming Home Battle," took a note of the time he finished its perusal, and found that "the 11th House, of the Heavens—which relates to Parliament—had Leo, the sign of Power and Authority, on its cusp; and that the Sun, the planet of Power and Authority (and ruler of the sign Leo), was strongly posited in the 11th House—*showing that the present Parliament is a very strong one.*" And then we stopped reading!

After Many Years.

A report reaches us to the effect that the splendid harbours which the Americans are building in France are to be presented to that country as a thankoffering for what Lafayette did for America during the War of Independence. A gracious thought.

"Hansom" is as "Handsome" Does.

Seems a hard case. Old Freeman was a hansom-cab driver for 40 years. The taxi did for him. He was a life-long member of the Cab Drivers' Union, a Banner-master, and at one time on the Committee. And yet the Union can't do anything for his widow of 72, but must advise the poor old lady, with her fading sight and her fading memory, to rout out her late husband's old mates, and get them to do something for her. Come, now, Cab Drivers! Your are doing pretty well just now.

The Pig Cart.

From Berwick comes the account of 50 or 60 soldiers arriving at Chirnside Station, for farm work. Some had three wound stripes, and they were all good men and true. The spectators were disgusted to see "short and long" carts sent by farmers to carry the men. That description is not quite clear to us, but there is no uncertainty about the statement that a pig-cart was among the vehicles provided. The volunteer-officer-farmer who sent it should be carried in it round the town, as a reward for the insult.

One More Muddle.

The National Service folk, despairing of obtaining soldiers for the harvest, appealed for schoolboys to volunteer. Crowds of the lads did so, and were sent off to Scotland, anticipating 4d. an hour for their work. But on arriving, there was nothing to do. Government had suddenly released 27,000 soldiers, and they were on the spot doing all that was wanted. The boys were kept waiting, and then told to consider they were on holiday. They are underfed, rely on parcels, and will not be sorry to return, after earning nothing.

"Not" for Nurses.

A nurse serving abroad must be suspected of much potential wickedness, judging by arbitrary rules imposed upon her. She may not lunch with her brother, if he be an officer, at his hotel—nor even if he be a civilian, for both officers' company and hotels are barred to her. She must not walk with another nurse after 8 p.m.; by that hour she must be indoors, instead of getting fresh air. Such rules are equally hard on officers, for they are deprived of decent company at the risk of falling into that which is not always so.

Calling up the Dead.

Whoever is the N.R. representative at Newcastle-on-Tyne, will he kindly accept it as final that the two sons of Mrs. Thompson, of 21, Seventh Street, Wallsend, are dead and mark his books accordingly? She has received a letter from the Registration Department, Todds Nook Schools, requiring one of her sons to fill in papers regarding occupation, etc." The lad was sent to France after three months in the Army. Even while serving, his mother was peppered with calling-up notices and harassed by police visits; and now this other form comes to her "between," as she says, "the anniversaries of my two sons' deaths; the eldest killed in France 11th July, 1915, and this boy dying of wounds 12th September, 1917." Such blunders are intolerable.

On the Cheap.

Islington Board of Guardians found that the rationing scheme affected the feeding on the premises of the staffs of their institutions. So they calmly informed those unfortunates that they would in future have to feed themselves, allowing them 10s. a week each for the purpose. If they would kindly say how a man can procure three meals a day for 10s. weekly, they will relieve many bewildered minds.

Hundiscriminating.

Official announcement of internment by the Aliens Advisory Committee: "Aulike, Edward, of Richmond, aged 45, twenty-one years resident, British wife; private secretary to Baron Schroeder." Egham Revision Court (same day): "The name of Baron Schroeder, Heath Lodge, Englefield Green, was retained on the voters' lists." Another vote for goodt oldt Englandt!

While Love Languishes.

The meanness of banks towards their staffs has its grotesque side—shown by the British Linen Bank, Edinburgh. There is a pawky rule that no clerk is to marry until he receives at least £150 annual salary. The intent is to remove temptation from the path of the poorly paid. Many clerks, after twenty or thirty years' toil, have not yet attained that desired minimum wage, and their sweethearts are getting grey-haired. But those bald, yet patient, bachelors have to pay four guineas a year each to the Widows' Fund!

The Quarterly Demand.

There is a money-lust among the Rate-Collectors of Camberwell. Householders got the usual demand note, but no final "red" notice. The Collector, having promised to call again, sent, instead, a man with an armful of summonses, specially printed for the occasion, and dealt them out in doorways like tracts. It was an unnecessary insult and expense to many honest folk. By-the-by, rate-notices always commence:—"The Council of the Borough *demand* payment." A polite "request" would be better than that ferocious "demand."

The New Gate and the Old.

There are boys at King George V. Hospital, Dublin, who have done their bit—brave fellows!—appreciative of any little consideration shown them. They have a grievance, however. They tell us that "any fangled lady in a motor-car" can approach the hospital by way of the New Drive. But the Scotch nurse and her sister who bring them papers daily, and have done so for over three years, must carry their bundles "around a quarter of a mile to the Old Gate." We agree with the boys in thinking that those two good ladies should take precedence of "any fangled lady."

Make Way for the Hun!

In spite of much public protest and indignation, those who are put in charge of Germhun prisoners on the railway continue not to care a Waterloo damn for British citizens travelling in the same train. Recently, passengers from Tunbridge Wells were turned out of their compartment at Buxted to make room for a squad of the brutes. Another reader complains that in going from Paddington to Weymouth, about 40 passengers—civilians, wounded soldiers, and children—were made to stand in the corridor because Germhun prisoners were expected to get in at Reading. We repeat that this is a monstrous affront.

Millions of Halfpennies.

Cardiff Corporation have clapped ½d. on all tram fares. From figures in their own books, it seems they issued 36½ million tickets last year. Assuming this is correct, the extra ½d. will yield not less than £76,000 in one year. It cannot all be needed for wages, and is not required for material, for none is available. The salaries of some of the head officials will have to be raised.

Useful to the Enemy.

A most disquieting notice is posted up at the Sailors' Palace, Commercial Road, E. It is to the effect that "a titled lady," who is writing a book on the services rendered to merchant vessels by airships, "would be much obliged" by any information on the subject she can get. Even if the anonymous titled lady is a patriot, she must be stopped. If she isn't, God knows what harm might be done!

A Disgrace to Erin.

An outrage of too common a kind occurred at Aughadown, Ireland. Fifteen masked men broke into a farmer's house and demanded his gun. When it was refused, he was attacked, and his daughter violently assaulted, some of her teeth being smashed. Such Hun-like brutes as these fifteen cowards, who were afraid to show their faces, are a shame to Ireland and a living insult to all those gallant Irishmen, real sons of Erin, who have been second to none in the fight for freedom.

Forcing First-Class Fares.

The Metropolitan Railway used to run three trains per hour from Baker Street to Harrow. Now they run two. During the middle of the day, though an overwhelming percentage of the passengers are third class, one out of three carriages is first-class. There is usually not even standing room in the "thirds," and passengers overflow to the empty "firsts"—where they are visited by vigilant inspectors, and forced to pay the difference. At the best, it is a gross imposition.

The Crux.

In the opinion of Lord Pirrie, skilled labour is "the crux of the whole question" of British tonnage. Very well. Here is the statement of a Sapper to us: "In Chepstow there are 7,000 soldiers and 3,000 prisoners. . . . I say it, and I will swear, that at least 5,000 are skilled shipbuilders, now digging, helping bricklayers, laying railway lines—doing a thousand odd jobs in Chepstow, as I have been doing." If Lord Pirrie really wants the men, and the War Office, *sans* bluff and blarney, is willing he should have them, Chepstow seems one of the places able to deliver some of the goods. Suppose his Lordship has a look round preliminary to a round-up?

"Thou Shalt Not Steal."

If you happen to be a wounded soldier wandering about in the Bromley district, it's just as well not to accept apples from strangers, nor to pick up "fallers"—even though they be on unfenced land. Otherwise you may be haled before the local Bench, charged with fruit-stealing, and fined 10s. And if you don't happen to have the money on you at the time, it will assuredly be stopped out of your pay. Further, there's no silly sentiment about the Bromley Bench. They're out for business; and they've no intention of being biassed in any way by the fact that you happened to have received wounds when fighting.

Scrap 'Em!

Picture postcards bearing the name of Jackson and Son, of Grimsby, are still being sold with the old legend, "Printed at our works in Germany," neatly concealed under a box pattern of flowers. If, after four years of war, the old stock has not been exhausted, it should be scrapped.

Fined for Kindness.

A man employed at an aeroplane factory in Leeds lent to a woman-worker a drill-brace, so that she might bore one hole. He was reported to the Joiners' Society, and that admirable union fined him 5s. So that the man may escape further persecution, we wish to state that he has not complained to us, nor had he any knowledge that anybody else was recounting the incident.

"Alone in London."

Alone in London, a Keighley nurse desired to obtain apartments at Lady Curzon's Hostel, King's Cross Road. Arriving there she rang the bell; the bell was answered by a lady; and the lady, having "eyed her" from head to heels, said, "This place is far too expensive for such as you," and then turned and closed the door. "I went to no fewer than seven 'Christian Hostels' without success," our correspondent assures us. Eventually she had to appeal to a policeman, who allowed her to be "locked in a waiting-room in Euston Station." London has a nasty habit of judging men at sight by the crease down their trousers and women by the glory of their blouses.

A Queer Position.

The conviction of William Taverner for a series of gross frauds upon the public in connection with the Middle Age Pension Friendly Society has created a difficult position for the present officials of this concern, whose recent movements have not been notable for prudence. Whose bright idea was it to invite Taverner's dupes to subscribe to a fund for his abortive appeal?

Hard Conditions.

We submit to Messrs. Spicer Brothers, of Southwark, that they might well have a little more consideration for their girl employees, especially the charcoal workers. For instance, it is hard lines that girls, earning 24s. a week and 6s. bonus, should have to buy their own overalls, a constantly recurring item of expenditure, and even to provide soap and towels for the daily bath necessitated by the nature of their employment. Spicers' can do better than this if they try.

Please Don't Mention It.

No matter how damnably British prisoners arriving in this country have been treated in Germhuny, the Press is officially discouraged from making a fuss about it. Also, it has now come to our knowledge that as soon as returned British prisoners land "a paper is put in their hands to sign that they will not make public what they have gone through." Mum's the word! Whatever the Briton's torture has been in the camps of the Kaiser, out of pure delicacy of feeling for the Hun he mustn't mention it.

All the Thanks They Get.

Harry W. Smith is Manager of the Denaby Colliery. He is also Chairman of the local Colliery Absentee Board. The Board fined an ex-soldier, Wood, half-a-crown for being absent on Bank Holiday. As Wood left the room he muttered: "That's the thanks we get for fighting for King and country and such like men as you." Chairman-prosecutor Smith, finding the cap fit, followed him up, caught him by the sleeve, and hit him on the side of the head, "*but not severely*." A technical assault was admitted, but the *Doncaster Magistrates failed to agree* (on what?), and so the summons was withdrawn on payment of costs. We suppose that Wood left the Court muttering again, "That's the thanks we get . . ."!

Boys of the Old Brigade.

Not a doubt about it. At distant Rangoon, in Burmah, a committee of the 18th Rifles—all Privates—with Lieut. L. Graves as Treasurer, Reg. Sgt.-Major Casey as Chairman, and Rifleman L. J. Holden as Secretary, organised a concert "on their own," as a result of which the "Greatest of These" Fund benefits by £30. "The concert was such a success," says Rifleman Holden, "that we have been asked by many residents to give a repetition of it. The boys greatly appreciate your efforts on behalf of the distressed wives and kiddies." However rich our thanks, they would be poor indeed.

£1,000 for a "Bullet."

This is the last week. If you want to win the £1,000, send in your "Bullet" now.

Candid Communications.

This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and occasionally Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. Winston S. Churchill, M.P., Minister of Munitions.

DEAR MR. CHURCHILL,—You can need no reminder of the terrible acuteness of the house famine in munition areas, and I am bound to say that I am a little disappointed at the apparent lethargy of your department in a matter so closely affecting the health and comfort of the workers. The case seems to be one for heroic remedies—or shall I say for those large conceptions of reform for which in many directions you have proved your peculiar aptitude? Need there be further delay?

JOHN BULL.

To Chester Jones, Esq., Stipendiary, Lambeth Police Court.

DEAR SIR,—It is quite within your province to fine a man 10s. for being found drunk and incapable. But to state that you are, on that account, going to get his Exemption cancelled is, to put it plainly, a piece of crimson impertinence. In my opinion, your threatened action is utterly Prussian and un-English. It is also, by the way, a gross insult to the Army. Stick to your last, cobbler!

JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. Dacre Fox, Organiser, "Intern Them All" Demonstration, Hyde Park.

DEAR MRS. DACRE FOX,—What most arrested my attention in your Hyde Park anti-Hun speech was your statement that you held in your hands confidential information, not only that men had been appointed to the Boards of great shipping firms in order to get news as to the sailing of ships to be torpedoed, but that "these men have been appointed with the knowledge of the British Cabinet." Excuse me for saying so, but I think you have said either too much or too little. The matter ought not to rest as and where you have left it, madam. Let us have the names and let us have the proofs.

JOHN BULL.

To H. C. Biron, Esq., Metropolitan Magistrate.

SIR,—I see you have announced your intention of imposing one guinea costs upon "habitual" rate defaulters. Permit me to say that, in my opinion, it is a very bad plan for a Magistrate to make up his mind how he will deal with particular cases until the whole of the circumstances are before him and the full facts disclosed. Rate defaulters, even of the habitual kind, may very often be the victims of pure misfortune, and to announce your intention of fining them indiscriminately is neither just nor wise.

JOHN BULL.

To R. H. Jaques, Esq., J.P., Easby Hall, Richmond, Yorkshire.

DEAR MAGISTRATE,—I am glad to see that the Richmond Bench have made a Distraint Order against you for your failure to pay the costs of the proceedings in which you were ordered to keep your dogs under control. At the same time, I notice that you are advertising in the newspapers for "paying guests"—"officers, married officers and their families received." But what steps have you taken to prevent your dogs from being a nuisance? Unless you can offer some assurance on this point, I am afraid the lodging-house business may suffer.

JOHN BULL.

To Superintendent Cleal, Police Office, Widnes.

DEAR SUPERINTENDENT,—A soldier, convalescent and leave-expired, could not obtain a railway warrant to return to his regiment. You made every effort to help, but got only telegrams from the Military. Then came orders to arrest the man as an absentee. You would not do so, but explained the case again. A second order for arrest arrived. Once more you refused, relying on the soldier's word to appear. You told the Magistrate how badly he had been treated; they dismissed the charge, and you provided a travelling warrant for him. You behaved with pluck and common sense. May you soon be Chief Constable! JOHN BULL.

To Alderman Cattell, Lord Mayor of Sheffield.

RIGHTEOUS SIR,—It was very clever of you to fine the wife of a little shopkeeper £50 for "betting on the premises." Probably you don't know that there are places just outside the door of your Court where well-to-do people can "put on their bit" quite unmolested. And doubtless it has never struck you that speculating in fruit is gambling of an infinitely worse sort than risking half-a-dollar on a geegee.

JOHN BULL.

To the Tullamore Guardians.

DEAR SIRS,—It's myself is ashamed of you. If there was a civil war on now, and Irish soldiers collapsed near an English hospital, suffering from a dangerous disease, and too ill to move, do you think we'd grudge them being taken in and looked after? And do you hate our sick soldiers so much that you would be treating them worse than tramps, and are after putting them in the old jail? Thank God that your medical officer, Dr. Moorehead, has more bowels than you have. Glass legs under ye for a hen!

JOHN BULL.

To the Chief Constable of Scarborough.

DEAR CHIEF,—I would gladly soothe your ruffled feelings, if possible; but it seems to me, if I may say so, that you are on your hind legs about nothing. Your complaint is that in the course of certain proceedings at Scarborough a witness whom you proposed to call for the prosecution was interviewed by the defending solicitor, with the result that the evidence he afterwards gave on oath was rather less damaging to the defendant than you, in your zeal for a conviction, might have wished. You may be shocked to learn that I see nothing objectionable in this course of events. The idea that witnesses in a criminal matter are to be industriously coached by the police, while no one else is to get a word in edgewise, is one to which—with due deference to your opinion—I am unable for a moment to subscribe.

JOHN BULL.

IN PRISON FOR DEBT.

SCANDALOUS CONTRAST IN TREATMENT OF INCARCERATED.

IS it a criminal offence to owe a debt and be unable to pay it? No; the law says it is not. There was a time, before Dickens, in the "Pickwick Papers," exposed the infamy, when the most honest and hardworking man in the country might find himself imprisoned for debt. But that great author *and* journalist started an agitation which ultimately had its effect—or, rather, it seemed to have its effect; for to-day, while you cannot be imprisoned for debt, you can and are sent to "choky" for disobeying the Order of the Court—which, after all, comes to the same thing. If you can't pay, you can't; and whether you go to Brixton or any other of His Majesty's hotels because you can't pay or because the Court declares you have been infernally rude by not paying when it tells you you must and you can't, matters little to the unfortunate creature who is hauled off to gaol.

A Crime to be Hard Up.

Now all this preliminary is not without its point, because what we contend is that to be hard up is nothing like the crime of being held up for playing the pro-German; and when we find that the debtor is badly treated and the Defeatist in quod has a good time, then we say unhesitatingly that the Prison Commissioners, the Home Office, or whatever authority is responsible, ought to be thoroughly ashamed. Let us tell our story—and it is "straight from the horse's mouth." A small tradesman—not a profiteer—was committed to Brixton Prison for a month for non-payment of rates. With a burning sense of injustice and indignity, he wrote a despairing letter to the Prime Minister—on his way to prison. Of course, he got to Brixton before the letter got to Whitehall, and when it did reach No. 10 he received a reply—by that time he was safely behind bars—saying that it would receive attention. Now we are not blaming the Prime Minister. He is only human. Everyone in trouble seems to write to him—or to us—and Mr. Lloyd George is quite busy over the war. Well, that small tradesman is now out of gaol, thanks to the kindly spirit of a customer who discharged his debt and so cleared the rate-book. But he comes to us so that we may call public attention to the scandalous contrast between his treatment and the treatment of Germans, and that notorious and disgraceful Pacifist, the Hon. Bertrand Russell.

The Real and Common Criminal.

The man whose crime is that he has not the money to pay his rates is treated as a common criminal. This creature, Russell, who should be treated as the common criminal he is, rejoices in all the comforts of a home from home. His cell, writes our informant, is furnished like a gentleman's room, with a real bed—you know what that means in prison—armchair, table, carpet, and a nice library. Moreover, he has a debtor to wait on him—this indignity, we gather, was spared our correspondent—and orders what food he likes. And then there are Germans at Brixton prison—technically, we suppose, interned, but actually placed there because they are a danger—a real and known danger—to the State whose hospitality they would abuse if they got the chance. Writes our informant: "They seem to do almost as they like. I have seen them making bags, sitting in camp chairs on the grass, and working or reading and smoking as they chose. But we debtors have everything taken away from us." This unfortunate man entered Brixton with 1½ ozs. of tobacco in his pouch. When he came out the pouch was empty—a small matter, perhaps, but still a real cause of grievance. Even the money he earned for the work he did in prison was not forthcoming. In fact, our unfortunate friend of the "debtors' prison" could not have fared worse if his crime had been, not an empty pocket, but picking pockets.

In the Bad Old Days.

Now we have mentioned the case of this unhappy man for two reasons. First, it is scandalous that at this time of day a decent citizen should be branded with the stigma of gaol because he cannot pay his rates. It is time Parliament took steps to break down the system by which "contempt of Court" is urged merely to secure imprisonment. In the bad old days as many as 100,000 judgment summonses were issued in 18 months, and as late as the early sixties 18,000 persons were imprisoned in one year for "contempt of Court," the average time of their detention being 15 days, and the amount of debt £3 10s. Things are not as bad as that to-day, but they are bad enough; and the second reason for drawing public attention to the matter is to protest, in the name of British justice, against an unhappy debtor being treated worse than a damned Pacifist and a gang of dirty Germans. It is scandalous that in these days a man should still be imprisoned for debt; it is doubly scandalous that he should be treated as a common criminal, while common criminals should be treated like gentlemen. And never let it be forgotten that to imprison a man for debt only adds to his troubles—pushes him deeper into the mire of want. His business, if he has any, goes from rack to ruin; his home very likely is sold over his head—and he returns to ordinary life after expiating a "crime" he has never committed, to find black despair staring him in the face. One of these days we shall clear the whole tribe of haughty, hide-bound officials out of the Home Office. Not till then shall we get any real reform.

CALLOUS FOOD CONTROLLERS.

NO SPECIAL RATIONS FOR A DYING MAN.

At the Torquay Police Court the other day Dr. Courtenay Dunn was fined £5 in respect of a certificate he had given to a patient named W. Browning to enable him to obtain extra food rations. Until recently no such additional food was allowed unless the patient was suffering from tuberculosis or diabetes, and the case against Dr. Dunn was that he had certified Browning to be a sufferer from diabetes when as a matter of fact he was not. To this serious charge the doctor on oath made the following reply: "Browning had been operated on for appendicitis and had been attended, so he said, by three other doctors. The man was in extreme pain—very, very ill—but it was difficult to diagnose the disease owing to complications. He thought he had detected all the symptoms of diabetes. . . . The case altered tremendously, and at times the patient appeared to be within an hour or two of death. . . . In his opinion, the man would never leave his bed again, and he ought to have had the meat which he ordered for him." The case appears to have been handled by the Chairman of the Committee, Dr. C. M. Winter, who apparently endeavoured to incriminate Dr. Dunn. The method chosen was to pit against Dr. Dunn's certificate the "independent" opinion of the local Medical Officer of Health—and simply because, as so often happens in obscure cases, the doctors differed, a prosecution was undertaken. We are bound to say that this was most unfair treatment for a medical man with a twelve years' record of useful practice; while the callous indifference of the Food Control authorities to the sufferings of the dying patient—the poor fellow never got his extra rations—is a grave reproach to those concerned.

"RADGERS" WITH LITTLE SHOPS.

HOW THE TOBACCO CONTROL TREATS THEM.

Instead of the Tobacco Control Board going out of their way as far as possible to help the discharged soldier—as every department of the Government is under obligation to do, as a matter of expediency not less than justice—they seem to go as far as possible out of their way to do nothing for him at all. We have here the case of a discharged man—late of the R.G.A., in business at Lye in Worcestershire—who voluntarily enlisted in 1915. He sent £20 to Major Drapkin and Co. for goods. They returned the cheque, on the ground that they were unable to supply owing to Control regulations. "We feel sure, however," they added, "that if you put your case before the wholesaler with whom you are now trading, he might possibly be able to do a little better for you." The man could have obtained supplies if he could have got a concession from the Tobacco Control Board. But what said the Board by the hand of Mr. Ham Hotchison, their Secretary? "Having given the whole question most anxious and sympathetic consideration, and having submitted it to a Committee *representing all branches of the tobacco trade* (official persiflage, meaning *all the heads of the big pool*.—Ed.) they are reluctantly compelled to inform you that on account of the shortage of tobacco which at present exists, the shortage of labour, and the difficult shipping situation, it is impossible for them to grant any concession in this case. The Board have made every effort in the past, and so far have been successful, in coming to the relief of a large number of discharged soldiers but have now reached a point where.——" Why for instance—and only for instance—should a discharged soldier be sent empty away in order that the Trust's shops may be filled?

STARVING THE PIT PONIES.

A MINER'S STRONGLY-WORDED INDICTMENT.

With enough sanguinary vigour in his inkpot to set a pit on fire if the ink could do it, a South Shields miner arises to enlighten us on the shortage of coal, arising from the treatment of pit ponies. "It has been my experience," he writes, "to witness some of these honest toilers drop dead at their posts through sheer exhaustion from bad food. There are others now standing in the stables, refusing duty—striking for better and more food. Only this morning I lost about six tons of coal through the inefficiency of the ponies, but it is a general complaint throughout the pit. The Lodge has sent deputations to the colliery manager, but he seems to be powerless to act in the matter. The Coal Controller may find one of his pits idle if there is not an improvement. The pony-putter depends on the efficiency of his ponies for a livelihood. If he loses his temper and punishes his pony he is either fined or sent to prison; but fathoms of strata cover a multitude of sins, and the torture is allowed to continue. If such brutality was committed at the surface the culprits would be sent to prison. . . . Our ponies have to work from 6 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily, and many times without food." As this informant says we may mention his name and is prepared to vouch his statement, we give it—Richard Cockburn, of 55, Ella Terrace, South Shields. If the sample of pit-pony food he sends us is a fair and honest one, then it is clearly for the Coal Controller and the Food Controller between them to improve their supplies, their sense of coal-productive necessities and—if we did not know them better—we should say, their humanity. No poor beast of burden can be expected to drag its heavy loads without torture, fed with such an execrable compound.

"A TUMBLE-DOWN NEST."

His "Little Grey Home in the West."

(Not by Bairnsfather, but very nearly.)

HOW TO BECOME BRITISH.

A STUDY IN COMMERCIAL EVOLUTION.

Even in war-time it is quite an easy matter for a Germhun commercial undertaking to become as British as an East End whelk-stall. Observe how it is done. In the sweet, bygone days of peace Messrs. Falk, Stadelmann and Co., of London, Glasgow and Manchester, manufacturers of the "Veritas" gas mantle and other lighting requisites, had names and addresses which would have been excellent passports to Potsdam. The Falks, the Thurnauers and the Pappenheimers ruled the roast, and were unashamed of the fact that their places of residence were at Nurnberg, Hochberg, or elsewhere in the land of the Huns. Since then, however, all is changed. In the fifth year of the war Messrs. Falk, Stadelmann and Co., Ltd., are "all-British," as that term is understood at Somerset House, the latest summary of Share Capital issued under official authority being a highly interesting document. Wonderful measures of "reconstruction" have been carried through. It is true that even now the trail of the Hun is not quite extinguished. The Chairman of the Company, Mr. Max Falk, though now a British subject, is compelled to acknowledge Wurtemberg as his "nationality of origin," while the other Directors, Messrs. Victor Falk and Louis Thurnauer, coyly admit that it was in Wurtemberg and Bavaria respectively that their infant eyes first beheld the light.

Glancing at the Shareholders' List, we find that the Public Trustee has taken a hand, 49,367 Preference Shares held by Mr. Bernard Thurnauer, of Nurnberg, and afterwards vested in the Custodian of Enemy Property, having on May 1st, 1917, been restored to the Company, although for what consideration is not apparent. Much the same thing seems to have happened in the case of 1,000 Preference Shares once held by Mrs. Pauline Israel, of Hochberg. Upon the whole, it is clear that our obliging authorities have offered this Company every assistance in their efforts to clean up their shop front.

UNPUNISHABLE CRIME.

CRUEL EFFECTS OF MEDICAL QUACKERY.

Some day, perhaps, it will be made illegal for persons without medical qualifications to exploit the suffering and ill-health of their neighbours for private gain; meanwhile, however, these pseudo-medical ramps go merrily on, many painful cases of hardship resulting. We have recently received a large number of complaints in regard to the Ajax Electric Belt Company, of 25, Holborn Viaduct, E.C., who by dint of skilful advertising have contrived to palm off their "electric belts" upon the public at the inordinate price of £21. On the strength of the Ajax Company's assurance that it would undoubtedly restore her enfeebled health, a soldier's wife at Portsmouth scraped together money enough to buy one of these appliances, which a month or two later was pronounced by a local doctor to be utterly useless for her complaint, and worth at the most no more than a few shillings. "Unfortunately," writes the disillusioned patient, "I am no better, and my small savings have gone, but perhaps this will prevent other wives from being so silly as to part with their money." We pass on the warning.

Even more cruel in its effects is the business carried on by the Natural Cancer Cure Company, of Twickenham, an unscrupulous concern offering a pretended specific for the most terrible of human diseases. We have previously dealt with this firm in some detail, but a passing word may be given to a new aspect of the scandal which has recently come to light. A baseless fear of cancer is one of the commonest accompaniments of certain forms of hysteria in women, and in not a few instances patients have made themselves seriously ill by an indiscriminate use of the preparations of the Natural Cancer Cure Company. Here, again, we can do no more than utter a further warning, the powers of the police in cases of this kind being so restricted as to offer little hope of bringing to earth what is nothing less than a criminal conspiracy against the public health.

A SHIPPING SCANDAL.

AFRICAN LINER'S WASTED SPACE.

There appears to be a shameful waste of passenger space on some of the leading lines, while persons with urgent business are unable to obtain passages. We are informed that on a South African liner, lately arriving in London, a lady of high social standing had the use of three first-class cabins, one in which she herself slept, a second for a dressing-room, and another first as a box-room, and afterwards as sleeping quarters for a sick child. On the same vessel a South African millionaire had one first-class cabin for himself, and another for his valet. Whether these privileged persons were travelling on business, or merely "joy riding" to Europe we are unable to say, but we do know that an Army officer, with a fine record of service, crossing by the same boat, was asked and persuaded to leave his young wife behind on the ground that her coming would mean leaving two officers behind! It occurs to us that no particular harm would have been done if the millionaire's valet had been turned out to make room for one of them, while the other might have been offered the lady's dressing-room.

A HARVEST OF HORROR.

TRAGEDY AND HANDICAP OF A STRICKEN WOMAN.

Brieux must have known many such a story when he wrote "Damaged Goods" as a play. "I am going to relate to you my life," commences a woman in a long letter to us. Twenty-six years ago, at 18, she married a Royal Dragoon. In a few weeks she knew the worst, and the man went into a military hospital and was treated. Eight years later she had "a beautiful boy"; eleven years later another boy. For ten years now her husband has been a blind, helpless paralytic; her younger boy is blind like his father; her elder son is fighting in France. With a pension of 13s. a week (2s. now deducted) she has to provide for the home by partial work in service and keep her husband, incapable—so it would seem—of either contrition or gratitude. With age creeping upon her—with nothing to be saved for the night which cometh when none can work—what, she asks pitifully, can she do? Can this man claim her to be his slave and protector till the end? Though we have all sorts of human troubles on our hands, let us confess that advice is difficult here. Only one way out do we see; it is for this woman to shut up the home, refuse further supplies, and leave her husband to the charge of the local Guardians.

STIRLING WORTH.

DISABLED SOLDIER DARES TO EAT A TURNIP.

It is the tale of a turnip and an old soldier. He had served two years in Salonica—a beastly place for fever (malarial). Bob Hannah caught it; caught it bad. So he was discharged from the Army with a pension—oh, yes! with a pension—of 8s. 3d. a week. In these days, when a sovereign is worth about 8s. 3d., 8s. 3d. is worth about—but there! Why go into statistics? Bob wasn't expected to live on his pension. That isn't what pensions are for. He was expected to work. Unfortunately, Bob was too ill to work. And so, somehow—God knows how!—he did live on his 8s. 3d. But on one occasion at least he went beyond his allowance, and broke his rule. He told the Stirling Sheriff Court naïvely that a little of what he fancied (turnips) did him good. Passing a field, he sent a boy for a turnip, took the turnip, and began to eat it. And so Bob Hannah came into Court as a criminal, pleaded guilty, was admonished, and dismissed. But the Pensions Ministry was not put in the dock and admonished, nor was the stupid fool who started the prosecution. But we should like to know who owned that turnip!

A BIG MAN

Sir George Cave Must Go!—Behind the

By THE

I WONDER what people would say if I had come out this week with the announcement "Over by Christmas"! The only reason I do not do so is that, unlike this time last year, I have not had the benefit of a special message from those at the Front who are entitled to prophesy. But, upon my word, things *are* looking up, aren't they? No doubt there is a lot more fighting before us, for the All-Damnedest will fight on with the energy of desperation. He realizes that his doom is sealed. The German people—infamous Huns all—understand that defeat is inevitable. Wherever you look over the lands of the Central Powers, there you see doubt and anger—despair and privation. It is useless now to go back on the past, but whenever I think of the criminal weakness of our Government in the early days of the war, I see the spectres of the dead rising in accusing wrath against those who feared to wage war as war *should* be waged—who tried half measures on sea and on land, when ruthless war was the only answer to those who threw down their challenge to the world. The end is in sight—Victory is certain. Germany will be beaten to her knees, and the power of the Hohenzollern will be broken irretrievably. All this is as sure as the rising of to-morrow's sun *if* "England to herself do rest but true." And that is my only fear—a fear not that the best of the nation may falter just when the fruits of all our travail and suffering are ripe for the plucking, but that the Pro-German, the Bolshevik, the Pacifist, the type of man who loves every country either more or as much as his own, may use his despicable methods to plant seeds of discontent in our midst. There has been so much muddling and messing in high places that the only wonder is that we have not had more trouble and discontent. Look at these strikes. They are an abomination. In every case they have arisen out of real grievances, and the measure of the means taken to win justice and fair play is often the measure of the patriotism of those concerned. When will the powers that be—the Executive—show sufficient imagination and sympathy to meet these social and industrial troubles half way, and find a reasonable settlement before the weapon of the strike falls upon an unprotected and inoffensive community? Let there be no mistake. I am all for the worker. If I am not the protector of the under-dog, the friend of the ordinary man, then I am nothing. But there are times when I am forced to wonder at what point it is wrong and dangerous to call a halt—in the interest not of a section or a class, but of the community as a whole. The war has upset everything—I know that. It has made work more important; it has made living dearer. Everyone is clamouring for extra wages—and everyone is getting them, save and except the splendid fellows fighting and dying for eighteen-pence a day. Out there in the trenches the new cry "Equal pay for equal work" has its own sardonic significance. There is no question in France of who is worth more and who is worth less. There the wages of their work is often death, and the men who live to learn of what is going on at home must marvel indeed that we should be struggling for money while they are battling for life itself. I wonder what they thought of the London police strike. Give the "man in blue" a war bonus of a sovereign if the necessities of living demand it. Make up with one hand what you allow the disgraceful food profiteers to steal with the other; for that is what it comes to. But, in God's name, let these things be settled by reason and argument. This is not the time to hold pistols to our heads—this is the time for co-operation and harmony at home, so that we may be the better able to spread destruction and disunion among the foe. What if Tommy in the trench, or Jack on the sea, came to the conclusion that his grievances were so real and pressing that there was nothing for it but to strike? A pretty mess we should be in! With victory in our grasp, the cup of triumph would be dashed from our lips and all the blood and suffering of four years of horror would be sacrificed on the altar of self-interest.

Grave and Alarming Step.

Now, a word with the constable. I know him. I respect him. He has always been the Londoner's pride—and the Londoner's safeguard. Yet I returned from the country to find the streets deserted by Bobby—and the nights made doubly dangerous by his absence. Yes, he has genuine grievances—that I do not deny. But he had sworn the oath of duty, and I won't believe he broke it without some very terrible provocation. If he had not had a fair hearing, if Sir George Cave turned a deaf ear to his claims, he was right to appeal to the people—certain, as he would be, of getting justice. But the policeman stands for the law—he is the visible embodiment of order. Without him and the authority he exercises, there would be nothing before us but social anarchy. And yet, in the midst of war, he felt constrained to make war on the community. For that is what it meant. He threw down his baton, and he vacated his post. But I am certain he was not altogether to blame. I want to know who is really responsible—who at the head of things refused reasonable conference and discussion, and who hid from the public this grave menace. Although the dispute is now apparently adjusted, I say this—that someone has grossly blundered; he has committed so grave a blunder and one so far-reaching in its possible consequence, that he deserves to hang from the nearest lamp-post in Whitehall. Look at the situation. A force, second only in duty and discipline to the Army itself, got out of hand. It defied the authority it had sworn to serve; it was suddenly indifferent to the safety of life and property. London was handed over to the burglar and the footpad—only, thank God, this war, which has changed so much, has reformed many a doubtful character, and the dangers of the street by day and by night were never so small. But the police strike was a sign and a portent. It was a revelation of a new spirit—one which at first sight was calculated to shock us, but which, rightly regarded and rightly handled, might easily work to the general good. I wonder, by the way, what they are saying in Germany. The Hun spies will spread abroad there all kinds of lies, and I should not be at all surprised if the enemy takes some heart from the belief that London was in a state of anarchy. And, mind you, the refusal of the police to do their work was the first hint of something very grave and sinister. It is difficult to overstate the perils, and although the dispute was settled, it cannot alter the fact that a significant challenge had been thrown down. The Prime Minister has seen the red light more than once of late. Great social questions, the immense problems involved in the claim to a fair wage and a proper share of the comforts of the world, are clamouring at the door of statesmanship. I wish I was certain that behind the door will be found men of wisdom and sympathy, of wide outlook and of intelligent understanding of the desires and demands of those who are toiling and working not only in the Trenches and on the Seas, but also here at home.

Treat the Women Fairly.

And this brings me to say something more on behalf of the women—particularly of the women whose men are fighting and not striking—and of the splendid girls who have answered the call of country and are doing good service to the State. Since I wrote in strong terms recently concerning the beggarly Separation Allowance given to the wives of our soldiers, I have been snowed under with letters. Here is a typical case—and be it remembered the wife of the soldier to-day is more often than not a well-educated, hard-thinking woman. If the Official in charge of the Separation Allowance Department were to add up the cost of the Government-allotted weekly rations for a woman and one child, he would find them as follows:—

	s.	d.
Meat	4	0
Bread		9
Butter	1	6
Milk (1½ pints per day)	2	7½
Bacon	2	6
Sugar		7
Flour		3
Lard		5
TOTAL FOOD BILL	12	7½

The allowance in money for these two people, as anyone knows, is 10s. 6d. per week. Out of this the woman is practically bound to

WANTED!

Police Strike—The Grouse of the Girls.

DITOR.

spend over 12s. on food. How, then, is she to clothe and house herself and her child on the remaining 7s.? "She must work," some say. Very well. Then she does work. In the meantime, what becomes of the child? In a *crèche*, perhaps, with many others, spreading or catching disease and not getting proper fresh air—or in the charge of some other woman, who does not care for the child—only for the money which the care of it brings, and necessity urges her to seek. The mother finds she cannot bear the anxiety of having her baby away from her all day, and so she gives up going out and looks for needlework. She is offered 4s. 9d. a dozen for making underclothes by a city firm! I have said enough to show that the situation of these women is of the gravest. The question has not been properly dealt with up to the present moment, otherwise the Government would not offer the soldiers' wives the laughable amount of 2s. 6d. per week increase. They surely cannot know what it is like to give up a husband, and a home in many cases, for the pitiful little compensation of less than a pound a week, with the present purchasing power of money. The women of England are the mothers and wives of our fighting men; they are the backbone of the nation. Through them and their heart-breaking sacrifice, this old country of ours has been enabled to keep her honour, her power and the fame of centuries.

The Grouse of the Land Girls.

And yet in face of such facts as are stated above, we find the Financial Secretary to the War Office declaring that "the Government do not think it right to encourage a standard of living which is at too high a level." That sort of humbug won't be heard at the General Election. *Then* Mr. H. W. Forster and all the Ministerial mugwumps will be protesting with their hands on their hearts that they have always loved the soldier's wife, and only a hard-hearted Treasury has kept her in insulting penury. But Parliament is all powerful, and before these gentlemen "go to the country" they had better deal fairly with the womenfolk. If they don't, I warn them they will never return to Westminster. And then there are the grievances of the land workers—the forage girls, and others engaged in what in very truth are essential industries. The dirty German prisoner, who is lolling in luxurious idleness on the farms, can be taken to his labours in motor-car or carriage. Not so our brave lasses. "We are travelling about the country," write five of these hard-working women, "banking up hay for France. We work from 7 a.m. until 5.30 p.m., but we often have to walk three or four miles to our billets, which we have to find for ourselves and pay for them. We draw our meat, bread, tea, and sugar through the A.S.C., and pay 1s. 9d. a day for that. One day we could not work, as we hadn't had anything to eat for 26 hours—and then this V. company of the A.S.C. stopped us 3s. each." And here is a complaint from some girls of the Land Army who were working on a farm at Ickleton, Essex, doing practically twelve hours a day. Because they complained to the group leader of insufficient food and reported the matter to Headquarters at Cambridge, they were discharged and had to come to London at their own expense. There are many other grievances, such as want of boots, no uniforms, poor food, bad sleeping accommodation in tents and insufficient wages. I could quote scores of letters in which the grievances of the girls are real and justified. It must not be thought that they expected to be treated like land girls in a musical comedy, all fine clothes and nothing to do. But they complain of harsh treatment, of want of consideration in illness—when pay is stopped and the unfortunate girl has to meet all expenses out of her own pocket. Talk about equal pay for equal work when these girls are getting 22s. a week, while harvest men are getting £3 with board and lodging, and soldiers 30s. a week with it, too! Now we have had enough of these strikes, and even if the girls were organised for self-defence—which they are not—I know they are too patriotic to want to throw up their work. But they ask for a decent wage and decent treatment, and they deserve both. There is to-day too much callousness in official circles. Red tape and routine have killed the human spirit in most Government departments, and it is time we had a change. It is one thing to change the Government—but it is quite another to change a Government department.

Cave Must Go!

And by way of a beginning, I should like to see a clearance made of the Home Office. This police strike would have been impossible if some one with head and hand had been in control. I have much respect for Sir George Cave—a man of high character and principle. But he is not a man of the world—he is essentially the Equity lawyer. And for the Home Office that is no good. His proper place is on the Judicial Bench—where he would very soon achieve great distinction. Or, of course, he would make a good Speaker of the House of Commons when the day comes for Mr. Lowther to claim his well-earned rest. Let him hand over the Home Office to a human, worldly, level-headed man of affairs, and give us the benefit of his talents and fine qualities in a direction where they will be of more service to the community; for as with the police strike, so with the Ulster question—we have never got him really going. His mind is too full of "juridical niceties"—and they don't avail in cases where quick decision, and, as a rule, statesmanlike compromise, are the chief considerations. That is where the Little Man from Wales comes in. With the one solitary exception of Ireland—where there is *no* solution—he had never failed to smooth over troubled waters; but he cannot be Prime Minister and at the same time fill every other post in the Government. But there is something he *can* do.

A Big Man Wanted.

He can act the Big Man. He must be an autocrat—a Dictator, if you will. He must let every one of his Ministers understand that these are abnormal days, and that text-books and theories are all entirely out of place. Remember always that warfare is first cousin to Revolution. The two things are divided by only the thinnest of lines, and the least bungling may easily bring them together. That is where the Big Man comes in. And Lloyd George *must* be the Big Man. No member of his Ministry should have any freedom, till Peace is declared, to arrive at any decision binding the Government, without his express sanction. Then there need be no fear of these constant interruptions with either the conduct of the war, or of work and administration at home. After all, there is something almost ironical in the fact that, just as we are all feeling that the bells of victory are about to ring out over the land, we should have our attention and thoughts diverted to these industrial and domestic quarrels. Let justice be done all round till the Hun is beaten—and after that we'll put our house in order. Thank God, the day of the pessimist is past. It has been a tough job keeping up the heart of the nation when things seemed black, and the Dismal Jimmies were pulling their long faces. But the boys at the Front have justified—yes, and more than justified—all our confidence; and now our eyes are turned to the road to Berlin. Never more, I hope, shall we see the wagging heads of the Know-alls—the kind of person who greets every victory with a sinister shrug and the pleasant assurance that to-day's progress may mean to-morrow's set-back. We have had our ups and downs since the first battle of the Marne, and hundreds of thousands of our dearest and best lie sleeping on the fields of France and Flanders. But the end—the ultimate victory—was never in doubt with those of us who believed in the British spirit and in the unconquerable soul of France. Some one said that God was on the side of the biggest battalions. Well, we have got the biggest battalions to-day—and, what is more, every week that passes sees these battalions grow bigger while the forces ranged against us grow weaker and weaker. I was never one to underrate the strength of the enemy. But I have always believed in our ultimate power to conquer. America has turned the scale and she is weighting it heavily against the Hun. I am not going to venture on any prediction—I have learnt too much of the chances of war. But who is there so blind as not to see victory in sight? Who to-day doubts the glorious optimism of France's Grand Old Man?

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

MR. ARTHUR HENDERSON, M.P.

Good arfternoon, sir. Let me take your 'at an' gloves, sir, and your stick. That's it, sir. Now s'pose you rest fur a bit on the lounge w'ile I goes an' sees w'ether the missus 'as a cup o' tea goin', sir? It 'ud revive yer, I know. . . . *Wot do I mean? Wot's all this sick'nin' fuss for?* Well, if *that* ain't ingratichew'd, I don't know wot it is! "Blow, thou bloomin' wind," ses Shakespeare. "Yore tooth ain't 'arf so sharp as man's ingratichewd." An' I'm inclined to think 'e was right. 'Ere am I, puttin' meself out to make you comferble and git you a reviver, an' you seems to resent it! . . . Oh, you *don't exackly resent it, but wonder wot I'm showin' so much consideration for suddenly?* Well, sir, w'en a customer of mine is worried an' upset I always thinks that the least I can do is to show me symperthy. Well, I knows *you're* worried an' upset, sir, so I'm showin' me wot's-er-name—wot I sed. . . . *'Ow do I know you're worried?* Well, I saw it in the paper. I read the report of wot you sed to a Press representative a few days ago on the question of a General Election durin' the wore, and I could see 'ow upset an' worried you were. Nobody, not even a haffluent Labour official, likes to see a livelihood of eight quid a week vanishin' in the dim an' dusty distance these 'ard times. Fou 'undred o' the best per annum ain't to be sneezed at w'en bitter is anythink from eightpence to one-and-six a pint—w'en you kin git it. . . . I beg pawdon? You *can't see no connection between my reference to four 'undred a yer and a General Election?* Go hon! Then you will w'en it comes orf. Wot, jew think yore constituents er goin' to return you to the 'Ouse o' Commons again, to draw eight Bradburies every week outer the public purse? W'y *should* they? Jew think they've forgot yore Russian performance an' thet little matter o' Kerenski's telegram? I *don't* think. Neether 'ave they forgot thet 'ighly interestin' an' elevatin' incident w'en Trotski or somebody was sprung orl of a sudden on the Labour Conference an' brought tears to the eyes o' the delegates by kissin' the Chairman with a smack loud enough to be 'eard from Aldgate Pump to Charin' Cross. Between you an' me, mister, I don't think thet won you no votes. I know it lorst you a good few; and I reckon *you* knows it too, else you wouldn't be crying now at the prospect of 'avin' to face yore constitchewents at a General Election this autumn. . . . Oh, *you objeck to a General Election on purely public grounds*, do you? Yes, yes. Wonderful 'ow public-spirited a bloke can feel w'en private interest coincides with Party expediency, ain't it? . . . Oh, no; I ain't doubtin' yore *boney fidoes*. I shouldn't think o' sich a thing. I'm on'y *sayin'*—thet's all. All the same, w'y not be honest about it? W'y not admit that the pertickler wore views you profess don't stand a dorg's chance o' bein' accepted by the electors at this time o' day, w'en we're sweepin' forward to vict'ry on the flowin' tide o' success? Why not admit that the electors' toes are itchin' to give the dirty kick-out to all the unpatriotic pro-German crew, once and for all? I'll tell you wot the new 'Ouse o' Commons 'll be, sir—it'll be a 'Ouse of Representatives pledged to prosecute the wore to the uttermost, show no sickenin' weakness towards the aliens, an' sworn to put the kybosh on the Kayser. Well, *are* you likely to be found among thet lot? I *don't* think. Wot is it—a shave?

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"EVENING TELEGRAPH AND POST" (Dundee):—
"Deaths. . . . On the 23rd inst., ——, ——, beloved husband of ——, BORNE WITH CHRISTIAN PATIENCE—deeply regretted."

"THE CINEMA" (advertisement):—
"Twelve-inch spools are NOW UNOBTAINABLE. WE CAN SUPPLY SEVERAL THOUSANDS OF THESE in best pre-war quality."

"NOTTINGHAM GUARDIAN":—
"To uphold the power of these two Royal Families MILLIONS OF LIVES HAVE BEEN SACRIFICED OVER AND OVER AGAIN."

"ANSWERS":—
"Up from the sea below, through the bridge deck, the old man could HEAR WITH HIS FEET a stiff concussion."

"STORY-TELLER":—
"The old lady had been removed to a home where it seemed probable that she would ENJOY BAD HEALTH for many years to come."

"FAMILY HERALD AND WEEKLY STAR" (Montreal):—
"Four Men Killed in Quebec Rioting. . . . Four civilians were KILLED AND PLACED UNDER ARREST."

"MORNING POST":—
"It is a penny BI-WEEKLY publication circulated on the 1ST AND 15TH OF EACH MONTH."

"IDEAS":—
"A moving shadow appears on the blind, the profile of a face. . . . A movement, and Richard Garth's clear-cut features appear in shadow. His hands clutch at the HEAD BENEATH THAT THROAT, and force it back."

SHORTAGE OF ACCOUNTANTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH."

SIR,—It is admitted by everyone who knows the circumstances that at the present time there is almost a famine of qualified accountants, and it is needless to labour this fact in the face of the revelations exposed lately in Ministry of Munitions, and so short is the country of accountants it has been found necessary to recall as many as possible from the combatant ranks, and also to obtain help from abroad, while there are also special instructions issued to tribunals with regard to their indispensability and exemption. The consequence is, that many young and healthy men of military age have of necessity been kept out of the fighting ranks. . . . I would particularly emphasise the opportunity that would thus be offered to wounded soldiers with an aptitude for figures of acquiring a profession of great value to them after the war. In the training I suggest, frequent examinations should be held, to test the progress of the candidates, and if a candidate is found wanting in the necessary aptitude he should not be retained.

Trained accountants will be required just as much to clear the aftermath of the war as now, while with the expansion of trade which is to be expected when the war is over the opportunities for employment should be much increased. It will be argued by the "trade unions" in the accountancy profession that it is impossible to make a qualified accountant without years of training and experience, but the war has shown the fallacy of most preconceived ideas—gunners and airmen can now be trained in a few months, and even Cabinet Ministers have risen from obscurity in the course of a year or so. Therefore, why cannot qualified accountants be made within a reasonable time, given the opportunity of training?—Yours faithfully,

G. BETTESWORTH-PIGGOTT, Deputy Chairman, Appeal Tribunal, House of Commons.

May 30, 1918.

Opportunities for Wounded Soldiers.

The best positions are yours if you qualify for them.

YOU have done your bit. You are entitled to first choice in the best positions in offices. You cannot do heavy work. You can be the cashier, the accountant, the manager, or you can be the clerk or the commissionaire.

You will get first choice for the position you are qualified for, and the bigger salary.

Why not try for the best? You can do so by training, and only by training. A course of postal training at the Glasgow School of Accountancy will successfully qualify you in any or all of these subjects:—

Accountancy.	Bookkeeping.	Office Organisation.
Costings.	Excess Profits Duty.	Commercial Law.
Finance.	Business Management.	Auditing.
Commercial Arithmetic.	Systems.	Business Economics.
	Company Secretarial Practice.	

It does not require special knowledge or past experience. If you have a good ordinary education, some aptitude for figures, and are willing to study for a few months in your spare time you can succeed as others have done.

Write for this Free Booklet to-day!

If you are on Active Service please ask for our special terms to Soldiers and Sailors.

THE SCHOOL OF ACCOUNTANCY,
2, W. Regent Street, Glasgow.

"TOMMY AND JACK."

Dealing also with the Discharged Sailor and Soldier and their Dependents.

OUR PLEDGE.—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—*Horatio Bottomley*, 19th August, 1916.

"TOMMY."

Profiteering:—There is at Tidworth a six-roomed house, rented from the Government at two shillings a week. Several soldiers and their families have taken rooms, without attendance, coal or light, and the rent collected by the good lady amounts to £1 10s. 0d. weekly. The military authorities ought to see that this gross profiteering is stopped.

"Honours":—Isn't it scandalous that the O.B.E.—which so many undeserving nonentities have received—is placed before the D.S.O., which must be won in the stern theatre of war by particularly good service? It reminds us that when the M.V.O. was started, King Edward remarked to Lord Wolseley: "I am thinking of giving so-and-so"—an importunate sycophant—"the M.V.O. What do you think, Wolseley?" Whereupon the Field-Marshal bit his moustache, and replied, "Serve him damned well right!"

Rather Bad:—A number of wireless operators of the Air Force were returned from overseas, wounded or gassed, to Blenheim Park, South Farnborough, with orders that they were to be sent to Command Depôts to be patched up once more. We demand to know why this has not been done. Perhaps the O.C. will inform us. If he does not, we shall take the matter up with the Army Council.

The Hated Red-Cap:—Daddy came home from the Front after fifteen months' service, and was greeted by his little boy. In the excess of his happiness he picked the laddie up in his arms, and was carrying him, when he was accosted by a Red-cap—who told him to drop the child or he would be "crimed." We should like to have that Military Policeman within the reach of the toe of our boot.

The Order of the Bath:—The Gunners of the B. Battery, 70th Brigade, R.F.A., in France, tell us that they have not had a bath for three months, although on various occasions the proper accommodation was quite handy. Some of the men may have had "C.B.", but certainly not the "Companionship of the Bath." The complaint is a common one, and we can quite understand why the men out there are "lively."

Once More the R.A.F.:—Roughly, £2 10s. 0d. per head has been due for the past two quarters to the men of the R.A.F., at Barrow, but the boys are still whistling for it. The Paymaster should have pluck enough to ask Trafalgar House what is to be done in the matter. We hope that this paragraph will not result, as did a previous one, in a stern Order being posted to the men not to write to JOHN BULL—such impotent mandates being merely a subject of ridicule, as our swelling letter-bag attests.

Rule of Thumb:—A Battalion Order of the 9th Northamptonshire Regiment, at Sheringham, runs "Compulsory Stoppages—From and including the present month every W.O., N.C.O. and man will be put under compulsory stoppages of 6d. per month to meet charges arising from damage to barrack utensils. This is in addition to the barrack damage stoppages of 3d. per month." Here is something tangible for the Army Council. By what right has a C.O. to lay down a scale without knowing what his damages are?

"JACK."

Those Badges Again:—Sailors on ships that have been torpedoed are granted special badges. Why should not a similar distinction be given to those who have been mined? The men of the hospital ship *Rohilla* are refused the badge because the Admiralty cannot make up their minds whether she was mined or torpedoed; and so with other vessels. Whatever the Admiralty may think, the *Rohilla* heroes believe that they were torpedoed.

Rather Irregular:—Twelve of the crew of H.M.S. *Albacore* had the misfortune to miss the ship when she went unexpectedly to sea. They were duly punished by the Senior Naval Officer of the Base, but ten days afterwards their shore leave was curtailed by the C.O. of the vessel. Other complaints from the same ship have reached us, and we are not surprised to know that the men feel their treatment very keenly.

Waken Up!:—The Hyde Parker Committee, appointed by Doctor McNamara, should hurry up and issue their Report on the grievances of the Naval Artisans. This is a subject that, we assure them, does not improve by keeping—no matter how promptitude may outrage all the instincts of the Tite Barnacles.

"THE SILVER BADGERS."

Secretaries of discharged sailors' and soldiers' organisations, in sending cases of injustice or official information, should mark their envelopes "Silver Badgers."

A Tip for Sir Auckland:—When we commenced some time ago upon a breach of faith on the part of the National Service Ministry concerning the work of Army clerks who were turned into civilians, some measure of justice was done to the men. We would now give Sir Auckland Geddes the tip that the bonus promised last November to the clerks at the Northern Polytechnic is yet in the clouds, and the under-paid men wish that it would fall down.

What Do *You* Think!:—The Hull Trades Council is learning sense. At a recent discussion a Mr. Moran suggested that Silver Badgers should be removed from the competitive labour markets altogether—the Government being compelled to place them beyond the need of seeking employment. Another delegate declared that, unless something of the kind were done, discharged men were going to be a nuisance to competitors. We rather think so!

Can It Be True?:—Some Badgers at the North Works Section of the Austin Motors, Limited, of Longbridge, Birmingham, complain that the discharged soldiers who are doing clerical work are underpaid, and none too well treated. On approaching a foreman they were told that 75 per cent. of ex-soldiers were slackers, and that he would not engage another one. What is urgently wanted here is, of course, someone who is in sympathy with the trend of the times, and appreciates what it means to have gone "over the top."

Finished With:—Before the War Pensions Committee, at 52, High Street, Whitechapel, the other day were a number of Silver Badgers who applied for their rights. One wore the Mons Ribbon, and had a pension of 8s. 3d. a week; he was homeless and destitute. Another had the D.C.M., and was reduced to beggary. There were five altogether—and they were sent empty away. Yet the War Pensions Committee ask us frequently for publicity for their good work!

Restitution:—We recently commented on the fact that a man who is used to handling meat could not obtain a position at the Smithfield Market. We are glad to have received an assurance from the Secretary of the Smithfield Control Board that every man from the Market who has answered the call, and has returned fit for any duty, is at once taken on again.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")

This fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

Large Family, Small Means:—A soldier's wife, who has seven children, is laid up with rheumatism. She is obliged to keep her eldest girl—the sole one of earning age—at home to tend the little ones, thus leaving only the Army allowance to provide for the whole family and pay for medical attendance.

A Common Case:—A discharged soldier, still unfit to work, has only his pension of 11s. a week to keep himself. To add to his difficulty, he has an aged mother in hospital, who is in need of attention, and the poor fellow, when he wrote us, was up to his eyes in debt. The recipients of such niggardly pensions are, unfortunately, a constant drain upon our fund.

A Costly Illness:—A soldier's wife has been laid up for three months, during which she has undergone a dangerous operation. For her complete recovery she is ordered away to a rest home, and appealed to us to pay her fare. She is in debt all round, and is anxious to get her strength back quickly and get back to work. We helped her towards this end.

Looking for a Friend:—A hardworking woman—whose sons are in the Army but are married, and therefore cannot help her—asked us to enable her to meet arrears of insurance, otherwise she would lose all she had paid in. She had no means of doing so herself, and was rightly confident that we would come to her aid. Why not place such poor creatures on the same footing as the widow with a son serving?

The Rent Question Again:—Being in arrears with a month's rent, a poor woman was in danger of eviction. A long illness was the cause of the debt, as she has a little boy who has been under medical care for some weeks, and the resulting expenses compelled her to neglect other things.

Further Cases:—

Discharged soldier exhausted his gratuity, and now finds himself unable to work owing to severe rheumatism.

Sailor's wife with three young children, two of them under doctor, and she off work.

Shell-shock case. Not yet able to work, and has an invalid mother who is also in need.

Surgical boot needed to enable soldier's wife to continue employment.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

"A Soldier's Wife and Mother," 1s.; Bdr. J. M. (B.E.F.), 5 francs; "A Regular Reader and Well-wisher," 10s.; "Boro'n Band Racing Whaler," 12s. 6d.; S. C. R. (Norwich), 2s.; "A Sailor's Sister," £1; "Anonymous," 7d.; A. E. D. (Farnham), £5; Mrs. A. W. (Brixton Hill), 5s.; Mrs. M. H. (Brampound Road), 2s. 6d.; N. M., 1s.; Ceylon Planters' One Day's Pay Fund, £5; E. W. (Rhyl), 5s.; "Mary" (Ripon), 2s. 6d.; "Jerry," 5s.; "Ex-R.E.," £5; Bdr. S. R. P. (Salisbury Plain), 1s.; Proceeds of Concert given by 18th Batn. Rifle Brigade, £10; Anon., £1 10s.; T. C. (W. H), £1 10s.; "Widowed," 5s.; "A Few Munition Workers" (per Mrs. R. H.), 8s. 6d.; S. O. (H.M.S. *Victorious*), 2s. 6d.; A. S. S. (Bombay), £10; "A Scot," 10s.; P. B. (Birmingham), 5s.; "Tit-Bit," 2s. 6d.; 2/Lt. W. J. E. (B.E.F.), 9d.; Pte. F. C. (France), 5s.; Pte. 42501 (Lowestoft), 5s.; Mrs. M. E. W., 2s. 6d.; "A Fee for a Certificate," 3s. 6d.; "Sunday Labour," £1; "Unlucky Patric," 1s.; "Kat's Eye," 1s.; "A Soldier's Mother," 2s. 6d.; "Muscus," 10s.; "Compact," 10s.; Mrs. C. C. (Greenwich), 5s.; "Railman," 2s. 6d.; Pte. C. M., 1s. 6d.; J. S., 6d.; "Calcutta," 3s.; V. E. C., Croydon (per J. B. T.), 10s. 6d.; Clerks of Section 44 and Part II., A.P.C., 12s.; "A Needle," 3s.; "A Soldier's Wife" (Watford), 1s.; M. E. F. (Felixstowe), 1s.; Royal Naval Canteen, Mesopotamia, £22 11s. 5d.; "S. Ealing Reader," 1s.; "Lizzie's Mite," 1s.; "Feather Bed," 5s.; Mrs. J. B. H. (Wymondham), 2s.; J. F. C. (Scotstown), 2s. 6d.; Bln. H. M. K. (B.E.F.), 8d.; A. D. (Leighton), 10s.; "Mushima," 10s.; "47 Halfpenny Fees," 2s.; Proceeds of Bazaar (per T. D. K.), 6s.; "Dickie" (Dundee), 5s.; "Prize Winner" (Measham), 2s.; C.Q.M., 10s.; R. W. M., 2s.; J. W. L., 10s.; Mrs. M. P. D. (Worthing), 10s. 6d.; "A Soldier's Wife" (Hornsey), 5s.; "In Mem: S. M. K.," 2s.; Miss F. S. (Luton), 4s. 3d.

Mr. Percy Todd, the winner of the First Prize in our recent "Bullets" Competition, has kindly sent us £5.

SOLDIERS' COMFORTS FUND.

H. E. A. (Inverkeithing), 1s.; J. D. M. (Rochester), 5s.; A. K. (Rochester), 2s. 6d.; V. C. (Peel Race), 2s. 6d.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, *or* LEGAL *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, or Legal Editor, and must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. No fee is charged in respect of other inquiries. Full names and addresses should be given.*

W. H. B. (Southsea).—"Keep going!" Rather! We shall be always on the go till we are gone.

A. S. (Frosterley).—It seems to us that the better we treat German prisoners here, the worse they treat British prisoners there. Time we reversed.

"A SOLDIER'S SWEETHEART" (Cromer).—"I feel grateful to think you helped to cheer my sweetheart when he was in the trenches." May the earth he has honoured with his blood lie lightly on him. To him is due the gratitude of those for whom he died.

"14 MESS, H.M.S. CENTAUR."—"How many men are there in the British Navy?" If we knew, we might not say. But we can say there are a fine lot, and not a wrong 'un among them.

"SOLDIER'S WIFE" (Littleton).—"'The British Empire for British People.' No flavour of the Hun about that." Nor stink either.

"AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR" (B.E.F., France).—If you are, as you claim to be, an old contributor, there surely is no need to tell you that the "best English spoken in the British Isles" makes musical the air of 93, Long Acre.

T. S. (Leven).—"They call me Horatio Bottomley." You'll be lucky if you're never called anything worse.

F. T. P. (Bournemouth).—"I take JOHN BULL every week." One or two other people follow your excellent example.

J. B. C. (Kew Gardens).—"What will become of Germany when she goes to the dogs?" Can't say, for even the dogs will sniff at her with disgust.

J. M. R. (Brixton Hill, S.W.).—We note that you "propose making yourself Dictator of the country." May we tell people, or is it a secret?

"SEAMEN'S FRIEND."—At 85 years of age you retain a warm sympathy with your "brother seafarers." "Where would our ships at present be without our gallant patrols of the sea?" Aye, aye, sir!

A. C. T. (Liverpool).—So all the people cheered, did they, at the scene in the revue at your local Hippodrome, when, in answer to the question, "Who should be Prime Minister?" the villagers with one accord shouted our name? No flies on those villagers!

"DISGUSTED."—"Two of Them" (Nuneaton).—"Well done, JOHN BULL, the first to speak up for poor soldiers' wives." Thanks, ladies; we won't forget you.

J. A. B. (Campola, Ceylon).—Thanks for photo of your daughter's kingfisher pet reading JOHN BULL. What intelligence!

SIGNALMAN (H.M.S. ——).—"The best of everything from the boys. Yours till Hell freezes." Yours till the Kaiser feels the heat.

R. A. (Garw Valley).—You have discovered perpetual motion—that is, "a machine that will work by itself, without any power being supplied to it." Our office-boy won't.

W. C. (North Repp).—The best way to get a position under Government? The only sure way is to break a window at the police station.

W. C. M. (Bristol), regarding advertisement of a Bath lady for an under-housemaid, "three in family, five servants," wants to know whether she is "running a battalion of her own." No, only a bodyguard, probably.

"BULLITE" (Brixton) says he has no hope of getting what he wants from his local butcher unless he tips the butcher's man. He and the Food Committee should make a joint row.

"THE TRAGEDY OF TWO BOB."—All the way from Harben, Manchuria, J. K. sends us £2 10s. for the benefit of the poor couple referred to in our recent paragraph under the above heading. We have had great pleasure in forwarding the amount—and in hearing from so distant a reader, and in such troublous times.

G. R. W. (Wallington).—Unfortunately we know of no Society in the London district in aid of *adult* cripples.

MRS. D. W. (near Slough).—It is not always easy to silence slanderous tongues, but you might try the effect of a summons. The wife of a soldier serving cannot be too jealous of her reputation.

"BETHLEHEM PENSIONER."—There is certainly a good deal in your suggestion that pensions granted before 1914 should be made up to their pre-war value. After all, £70 a year is not much to live on in these times.

G. J. (Colwyn Bay).—"I was very much interested in two of your paragraphs." If we buck up a bit, one week you may like the lot.

PTE. W. H. B. (Walthamstow).—You appear proud to claim to be "His Imperial Highness Archduke Maximilian of Austria, Austrian Crown Prince, only son of the Emperor Maximilian of Mexico." This is the sort of thing you would keep dark if you had any sense of shame.

PTE. H. R. (Edgbaston).—The paragraph means that German soldiers are paid a monetary reward for all the British troops they capture. Five pounds per head appears to be the price, and we should say it is little enough.

SGT. A. A. (St. Anne's).—Mr. and Mrs. Priestner, Soldiers' Rest, Altrincham, have provided refreshments, smokes and entertainments for 33,000 wounded Tommies, and are still at it. Let the good work go on.

J. W. (Newport).—Cannot say off-hand where the murderer you name was executed. Nice, cheerful person you must be to live with!

A. B. T. (Ealing, W.).—Your offer of service should be made direct to the hospital. Better call and show them what a nice-looking chap you are.

"FELLER" (Hants).—You are on forestry work, and an Enfield "copper" jeered at your breeches. You can take it for sure that his wife wears them at home.

W. H. B. (Loughboro').—Next time you write with a skewer, dip it in the ink, and we will try to read the result.

"BULLITE" (Bilston).—The sample of fowl corn at 4s. 8d. a peck appears to be chiefly chaff. And chaff at that price is no joke.

"JIM DAWLEY" (Hayes).—"A Hun couldn't be decent if he tried." And he is Hundecent if he doesn't try.

W. G. T. (B.E.F., France).—"Excuse me, but is red cabbage greengrocery?" Though we don't want to get into a pickle, our answer is no; it's leather goods.

"SHAMEFUL" (Surrey Regiment, France) asks "What about the young company and orderly room clerks, quartermaster's storemen, and bandsmen?" Don't know. Are they ill?

MISS L. A. (Portsmouth).—"Could you give me any information of how any person could undergo an operation to shorten his height?" History mentions many persons who were shortened by a head, but we should recommend a man who wants to reduce his height by only ¼ an inch to have the soles of his feet scraped and get his hair cut.

"GUNNER OF FRANCE" (B.E.F., France).—"Is tomatoes fruit?" They is—and cabbages is veg.

"CONSTANT PASSENGER."—If we were to publish all the contributions we receive dealing with impositions on the public in general and on soldiers in particular, we should get it in the neck from the Paper Controller.

"A WICKED GAMBLER" (York).—Have had great pleasure in forwarding on your behalf 10s. each to the poor pensioner referred to in our paragraph "Nearly Starving"; Mrs. Rogers, the wife of Asprey's poorly paid employee sentenced for embezzlement; and the Mons man who knocked down a German prisoner who hissed at him.

MRS. JULIA REBECCA CASTELL (2, Strutts Cottages, Southend-on-Sea) wishes to be entirely dissociated from the Mrs. Castell, of 67, Pleasant Road, in that town, to whom we recently referred. We are not surprised to hear it.

"ARNOLD."—An officer in France sends us a letter addressed in this name, found upon the body of another officer and obviously from his mother. We will willingly forward this sad memento to anyone entitled to it.

J. T. E. (Chichester).—If the Governor of Holloway Gaol "already knows what you think of him," any added compliments from us would be futile.

E. B. (Birmingham).—Face masks are sold by all theatrical costumiers. And lots of people should wear them.

"BRISTOL."—Now that Taverner has gone to prison, surely you know enough about his precious Pension Society. You have been warned for years.

S. J. B. (London, N.).—We should say that the best way to keep moleskins soft and pliable would be to leave the moles in them. Some of our readers may know of a better plan.

PRIVATE S. (H.M.S. *Aurora*).—We note that at last you have got your money back from Davis and Co., of Denmark Hill. Did you employ a suction pump or a charge of dynamite?

"AN ENGLISHMAN" (Chiswick, W.).—"How can anyone outside a Government office obtain money to live?" Difficult, certainly, although we believe some of our readers still manage a snack at mid-day.

S. V. (Birmingham).—"Will you please let me know how much money you think I ought to be earning?" Forgive us, sweet thing, if we decline your coy request.

L. J. S. (Harwich).—"Many Society ladies are mentioned for their good services in Red Cross work. What about their wardmaids or scrubbers?" They have our honourable mention.

PTE. H. S. (B.E.F., France) reveals to us the names of men who do "munitions" as a cloak. That's because they don't want the Recruiter to see 'em trembling in their shoes.

"SOLDIER'S WIFE" (No address), *re* the extra meat prices:—"Why should the poor have to pay the same as the rich?" Our silence is profane.

L.-CPL. R. W. (B.E.F., France).—Watch-springs are very scarce and dear, but all the same 18s. 6d. seems a very long price to have to pay for a new mainspring, unless your watch is a particularly good one. Hope you'll soon wind up your watch on the Rhine.

E. R. A. (H.M.S. *Venerable*).—Duly noted that the JOHN BULL Fountain Pen coupons you sent us had been under the sea. But we did not find so much as a winkle on them.

MR. A. W. HAYNES (Mayor of Swindon) tells us that he was not sitting on the Bench upon the occasion when a lieutenant was fined lightly for a comparatively serious offence, and a lance-corporal heavily for a trivial one. Will Mr. Haynes be good enough to consider himself absolved?

W. W. ("Somewhere in Palestine").—Thanks for the photo of yourself and chums. As you say, the JOHN BULL you are holding "has come out, as papers of the good old sort will—*bold*." Good luck to all the boys!

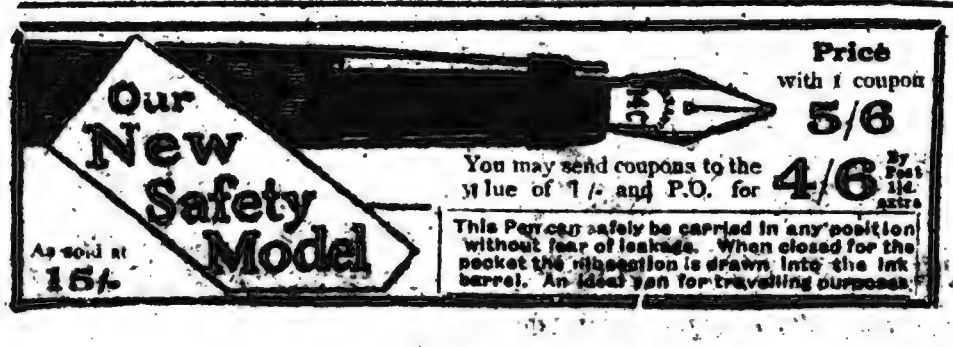
SGT. R. (Salisbury Plain).—It was the *Evening News* that told how Sir John Dickinson remanded a man "on his own bail for a week." Let us hope it was one he could sit on.

G. K. (Bootle).—It's a poor father who expects to make a profit out of his sons. But perhaps you don't mean it quite like that.

"WATCH" (Dalston, E.).—Sorry the wrist watch was so unsatisfactory. Perhaps it might have gone better if you had worn it on your ankle.

"B. E. F." (Scottish Churches Huts).—"A Yank padre told me that if when passing through a military hospital he saw a patient reading JOHN BULL, he knew the patient was doing his best to help his recovery." Quite right.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)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New
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As sold at
16/-
Price
with 1 coupon
5/6
You may send coupons to the value of 7/- and P.O. for
4/6
By Post 1d. extra
This Pen can safely be carried in any position without fear of leakage. When closed for the pocket the nib section is drawn into the ink barrel. An ideal pen for travelling purposes.

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon. Value 2d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 3s. and 1d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 6 from "John Bull," from this date may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus, you may send 7 coupons, and P.O. for 2s. only, and 1d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL, 1s. Extra.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. *(Sept. 7th, 1918.)*

P.O.'s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

Sources of Success

Success in life as in warfare can only be achieved by energy and persistence. But these all-important qualities in the individual depend upon the maintenance of subtle sources of vitality which must daily be replenished and rebuilt. Every output of energy, every persistent effort, exhausts part of the reserves stored in the body to meet the daily demands, and unless these reserves are quickly replenished the demands of the next day overtake the supply, and loss of efficiency results.

Wherever the nerves or tissues are underfed, or the strength is flagging, 'BYNOGEN' is a valuable and agreeable food.

'Bynogen'

Trade Mark

Brings Health

Sold by all Chemists at 1/9, 3/-, 5/- & 9/-

ALLEN & HANBURYS, Ltd.

Lombard Street, London, E.C. 3

Established in the City of London, A.D. 1715

B34

SOME PERILS OF VENEREAL DISEASE.

This announcement is issued by the National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases—a responsible body recognised by the Government. President, Rt. Hon. Lord Sydenham. Vice-Presidents, The Bishop of Southwark, Sir Thomas Barlow, Bart., K.C.V.O., M.D. Chairman of Propaganda, Sir Malcolm Morris, K.C.V.O., F.R.C.S.E.

HOW GREAT IS THE RISK OF INFECTION?

A man or woman who leads an unchaste life is practically certain to contract Venereal Disease sooner or later, probably sooner. In an enormous number of cases the man or woman is infected the very first time a risk is taken.

There are over 80,000 *fresh* cases of Venereal Disease every year in the British Isles. Add to these all the old uncured infections and you have an enormous total of people from whom the diseases can be caught.

"Amateurs" are perhaps even more dangerous than "professionals." Anyone who is tempted should ask himself or herself the following questions:—"Am I prepared to ruin my health, perhaps for life?" "Am I prepared to break up my home, perhaps to infect my partner in marriage and bring blind or dying children into the world?" The risks are overwhelming; the penalties appalling.

Free treatment, under conditions of secrecy, is provided by the Government in most centres. All who are infected, *or who have taken a risk of infection*, should immediately go to a doctor or apply at the out-patients' department of the nearest hospital, or to the local Medical Officer of Health.

Those who are in any doubt or difficulty should write to the Hon. Medical Secretary, N.C.C.V.D., 8a, Avenue Chambers, Southampton Row, London, W.C., for free literature or information.

The cause of the COAL SHORTAGE

As the great Fight for Freedom goes on the danger-point changes. A few months ago it was Food. Now and through the winter *it is Coal*. To know the cause is to know the urgent need for economy.

Here are some reasons

Over 400,000 miners have enlisted. Their work is shown in such stupendous explosions as those which blew up Vimy Ridge and Messines Ridge.

75,000 men had to be recruited from the mines to stem the German onslaught last March.

Half the coal fields of France are in enemy hands. France's coal for war purposes must be largely *British Coal*.

Italy is entirely without coal, except what we can send her. The vital Italian front is supported by *British Coal*.

America is sending her millions to France. They are taken to the front by *British Coal*.

Coal for neutrals brings us food.

The munition works, shipyards, the Fleet, the Army, must have coal—and more coal—to carry on to Victory. Hence the deficit at home.

The actual shortage is 36 million tons, an average of nearly 6 tons per family in Great Britain.

Britain's Sacrifice

This shortage means discomfort and inconvenience at home—but this is small compared to the coal hardships borne by our brave Allies.

But it means even more—it is Britain's sacrifice in the great cause of Freedom—the price we are paying to beat the enemy.

With strict economy and with every effort to avoid waste *all will be well.*

USE LESS COAL

Issued by the Coal Mines Dept. of the Board of Trade, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.1.

B.T.2.

Make Baby happy with a

'Trippa' Folding PRAM.

Mother needs the Trippa just as much as baby does. It folds so easily and compactly that it can be carried up or down stairs or through narrow doorways without any trouble. It is handsome in appearance and gives all the luxury of an expensive bassinette combined with the convenience of a light folding go-cart. Prices from 86s. 3d. Write for the Trippa Catalogue.

BROWN BROTHERS, LTD., Great Eastern Street, London, E.C.2.

GOOD-BY-EE

TO ALL BODY VERMIN MOSQUITOES, GNATS & FLIES

Simply rub Parasitox on Skin and Seams of Clothing, etc. Non-Greasy Stick 1/-

PARASITOX

THE SOLDIERS FRIEND PARASITOX

All Chemists, or post free

HEPPELL'S, 184, Piccadilly, W.

Foster Clark's

FOSTER CLARK'S 2d. SOUPS are a most wholesome substitute for Meat. Make them your daily food.

You simply add Water

2D SOUPS

Are you satisfied with your

PIANO PLAYING?

If not and you would like to become a Brilliant Pianist, a Good Accompanist and Sight-reader, write for particulars of the **WRIGHT-HIGGINS SYSTEM of PIANO LESSONS BY CORRESPONDENCE.** My system will undoubtedly save you enormous amount of **Drudgery, Disappointment and Fatigue**, and while **doubling** your efficiency will at least **halve** the time necessary for you to spend at the piano.

Write for my little book entitled "**TRAINING versus TEACHING.**" Therein you will find an exposition of the principles which underlie my method of tuition, it will also give you full particulars of my System and the fee I charge. (Please state Mr., Mrs., or Miss.) **R. WRIGHT-HIGGINS, F.R.C.O., L. Mus., T.C.L., 7, Oak House, 167, Archway Road, London, Eng.**

CATARRH, DEAFNESS, EAR NOISES.

Send for Free Copy of Sir Hiram Maxim's New Book and learn of a quick and easy Common Sense Home Cure.

It is not only in the art of war that Sir Hiram Maxim's inventions are famous. The veteran inventor, who has done so much to help our brave soldiers in the fighting line, is now seen in a new mission—a Mission of Peace that will gladden the hearts of thousands of sufferers from **catarrh, deafness, ear noises, asthma, hay fever and bronchitis.** In brief, Sir Hiram Maxim has discovered a quick and simple home cure for all catarrhal troubles, and in order that all sufferers should have a free opportunity of learning how to cure their own ailments without interfering with their daily occupation he has published a most interesting little book which his Sole Licencees give away free to all who apply for it.

The curative effect of this discovery is so remarkable that thousands have already been cured, most of these being chronic cases where everything else failed.

YOUR FREE BOOK

will be sent on receipt of name and address. Never mind how many previous treatments have failed, read the free book and follow Sir Hiram's advice. You will be surprised and delighted at the result. A copy will be posted, free of charge, to every reader who writes for it to-day. The address is: Sir Hiram Maxim's Sole Licencees (Dept. J.B.), 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

CLERKS are required for the ARMY PAY CORPS (at home and abroad). Only men in Grade 3 and born in or before 1895, or discharged and disabled soldiers of any age and grade, will be accepted. Applicants must write well and be good at figures, and should apply in person or by letter to Captain Barnfield, A.P.D., at the Central London Area Headquarters, Great Scotland Yard, Whitehall, S.W.1, on any day from the 2nd to the 7th September, 1918, inclusive, between the hours of 10 a.m. and 5 p.m.

Send your address on a postcard to H. Samuel for Free Book of Jewellery, Watch, Silverware and Plate Bargains at next to

FACTORY PRICES

that save you ordinary retail profits.

Typical value.

LUMINOUS WRIST WATCH. Fully jewelled, reliable movement. Nickel case. **17/6**

WRITE NOW!

H. Samuel is the largest firm of its kind in the Empire. Branches in all principal towns.

H. SAMUEL, 106, MARKET ST., Manchester.

'BULLETS' 1ST PRIZE £1,000

2nd Prize £100

3rd Prize £25

50 Prizes of 10/-

400 Prizes of 5/-

& 20 Holiday Prizes of £5 each

1,000 Prizes of 2/6

7,000 Target Prizes

Your Last Chance!

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the forty examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the examples chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. These examples will guide you. Example: UNPLEASANT SURPRISE. Bullet:—BIGAMIST'S TWO WIVES MEET. Example:—WE ALL ENJOY. Bullet:—A SUMMER HOLIDAY. Competitors may send in two BULLETS for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this competition will be found in our issue dated September 28th.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 300.

WHEN FOCH COMMANDS	BOTTOMLEY'S FUTURE	WHAT AMERICA WILL DO	THE TWO WILLIES
GOOD TIME COMING	A MAN'S JOB	WHAT FRITZ FEARS	LIVELY MEETING
AUSTRIA'S PLIGHT	PLAIN SPEAKING	ALL BRITISH	OUT FOR GLORY
SICK AND SORRY	THE STRIKERS	A GOOD GENERAL	WAR SPOILS
THINKING FURIOUSLY	WHAT RUSSIA NEEDS	OUR BEER	MY SWEETHEART LIKES
MR. LEVERTON HARRIS	AFTER THE WEDDING	HIDING THE TRUTH	IN THE DARK
GERMANY'S BILL	WE ALL ENJOY	AWKWARD SQUAD	AIR RAIDS
PAMPERING THE HUN	OUR GIRLS	A BIG PRIZE	UNPLEASANT SURPRISE
WHAT PACIFISTS WANT	GOOD BUSINESS	SEASIDE LODGINGS	MY WIFE WON'T
NEEDS KICKING	TOMMY HATES	A GOOD HARVEST	THE KAISER'S FATE

Closing Date: Thursday, Sept. 12th

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(300) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 1 coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

☞ IF UNABLE TO SECURE EXTRA COUPONS YOU CAN WRITE YOUR "BULLETS" ON PLAIN PAPER.

Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 12th

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(300) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 300, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 12th

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(300) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 12th

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(300) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

If 4 coupons are used P.O. for 2/- must be sent.

Signed _____

Address _____

Result of 298th "Bullets" Competition

FIRST PRIZE OF £200.

Mr. HORACE WALKER,
54, Gayhurst Rd., Dalston, London, E.8.
Example:—AMERICA'S START.
Bullet:—BRINGS "NEW WORLD" CLOSER.

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:

Mr. WALTER RANDLE,
28, Vale Drive, Skirebrook, near Mansfield, Notts.
Example:—TOMMY'S JOB.
Bullet:—NO "OPENING" FOR GERMANS.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Miss F. HARRISON,
Holly Bank, Arpleby, Westmorland.
Example:—NOT AT HOME.
Bullet:—GERMAN PRISONERS NEED REMINDING.

20 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Miss B. CRYSTAL, 30, Exchange Street, Blackpool:
GREAT LUXURY—WHERE THERE'S NO "NERO."
Mr. J. FRANCIS, 42, St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.2.:
MERRY AND BRIGHT—COMPANIES, BUT NOT GAS.
Mr. TOM MAXWELL, 7, Hollybank Street, Glasgow:
PLAYING THE GAME—"LOVE ALL." PACIFIST THINKS.
Mr. A. MUSTCHIN, 89, Portland Road, Hove:
HAIG'S MOVE—GOOD NEWS "TRAVELLED FAST."
Mr. R. A. DICKINSON, 26, Napsden Lane, Willesden:
ACCORDING TO SAMPLE—DUNN'S SIXTH SON.
Sister V. FOSTER, Military Hospital, Napsbury, St. Albans:
MIGHTY DEEP—THE OBSTACLE GERMANY OVERLOOKED.
Mr. R. C. MORLEY, 13, High Street, Coventry:
HOLIDAY RUSH—"RAID" EAST COAST WELCOMES.
Mrs. H. GRACE, 50, Gt. Bland St., Boro', London:
MIGHTY DEEP—HOLES IN BERLIN SOON.
Mrs. M. JAMES, 8, Newgate Street, Morpeth:
RIGHT ON TOP—"BEST VIEWS" OF PEACE.
Mr. A. W. SAVAGE, c.o. Crown Spring Co., W. Bromwich:
MERRY AND BRIGHT—CROWD HARE PACIFISE MEETING.
Mr. G. A. MCKENNY, Barclay's Bank, Ltd., Chelmsford:
WHELL, POLICEMAN CALLS—"NO GOOD BEING" FRIGHTENED.
Mr. F. WOLSTENHOLME, 824, Ashton New Rd., Clayton, Manchester:
HOLIDAY RUSH—GERMANY THOUGHT, INVADING BELGIUM.
Mr. J. FAULDS, 29, Gardiner St., Lochgelly, Fife:
IN THE DOCK—"TIME" IS NOT MONEY.
Mr. J. BURNS, 110, Sunedley Rd., Cheetham, Manchester:
GETTING UPPER HAND—BONUS—OTHERWISE NO BUS.
Mrs. C. CLARK, 126, Islington, Liverpool:
MAKES FATHER TALK—"TWICE AS MUCH," NOWADAYS.
Mr. F. SHOWE, 31, Warder St., New Wortley, Leeds:
FAST FRIENDS—CONTROLLERS AND PRINTERS.
Mr. T. HAFFREN, 39, Bonnyton Sq., Kilmarnock, N.B.:
AMERICA'S START—ON ENEMY—AT HOME.
E. SIMPSON, R.A.F., Charlton Villa, Lydd, Kent:
ACCORDING TO SAMPLE—WE COULDN'T EXCHANGE PRISONERS.
Mr. W. CHALLIS, 21, Brimmington Rd., Queen's Rd., Peckham:
GREAT LUXURY—"SPOTTED DOG" IN GERMANY.
Mr. E. G. DOUTHWAITE, 109, Weston St., Sheffield:
HAIG'S MOVE—WHERE ADVERTISING DOESN'T PAY.

BULLETS RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.
4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.
5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

List of 10th Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition 298 will be published in next week's "Supplementary Number." Complete list of all the 298th Competition Prize-winners can be seen in the Office of "John Bull."

'JOHN BULL'S' GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, absolutely FREE OF CHARGE, an insurance against ZEPPELIN and all other AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, or BLOCKADE.

CONDITIONS.

Our scheme is simple and comprehensive and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next of kin." We shall pay the amount to the insured, who must personally sign the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force.

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim, which must be confined to one of the benefits, can be entertained in respect of any one person or home, the address of which must be registered.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claim.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles, and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situated outside military or naval premises, may be insured.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any registered reader (man, woman or child), who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the objects named	£200
For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one eye and a limb	£200
For the loss of one limb or one eye	£100
For week for total temporary disablement for a period not exceeding 13 weeks	£3
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceed	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged house up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

ORDER FORM

To be Signed by Newsagent.

To.....Newsagent.

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Address .....

Sep. 7, 1918

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—

The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent

of.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of insured.....

(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Home address.....

Sep. 7, 1918.....

Unstamped, stamp of an acknowledgment of receipt of coupon is required.

Rail Fares Paid
Customers' Fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

Country Orders
packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

"You're to be congratulated"

It's an ideal choice from every point of view. My wife and I did the same when we married; and I feel sure that when you and Phyllis go to the 'Midland' to choose your furniture you'll be as thoroughly satisfied as we were. There's not a place in the Kingdom that can touch the 'Midland' for value.

Money buys more at the 'Midland'

They give you the unrestricted choice of over £100,000 worth of really well-made furniture. Every price is marked in plain figures; and your own business experience will tell you that the 'Midland' price is the bargain price—every time. You get 10% discount for cash, and if you prefer to furnish out of income the 'Midland' Ideal Terms enable you to get just what you want and to pay at your convenience. The "Midland" charge nothing for credit—*no interest*, no extra of any sort or kind.

Specimen of Handsome Dining-room Suite on Jacobean lines.

10% Discount for Cash and War Loan Scrip.

Midland

Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C. 1.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station.
1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 6. **Sats.—9 till 1.**

Governing Director, **GEORGE MICHAEL** *(who has been associated with the business for 40 years).*

Ideal Terms
(Town or Country).

Worth.		Per Mth.
£10	...	5 6
£20	...	11 0
£30	...	16 6
£40	...	2 0
£50	...	7 6
£100	...	15 0
£200	...	10 0
£500	...	15 0

- Larger amounts pro rata.

Free Fire, Aircraft and Bombardment Insurance.

At the "Midland" customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby **all furniture** purchased on Ideal Terms is **insured against damage by Fire, Aircraft Bombs, or Hostile Bombardment.**

"ERASMIC"
SHAVING STICK.

Helps the razor.
Soothes the skin.
Ensures a clean shave.
Does not dry on the face.

PRICE 1/-

PARIS. ERASMIC 13a New Bond St. Perfumers. LONDON. W. MOSCOW.

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase. All communications should be addressed to* JOHN BULL, *Advertisement Department, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

WHY LOOK OLD?
GREY HAIR
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